The Short Story of Jimmy Sue

16 6 6

Chapter 1 by Adam Muller

It was said that Jimmy Sue could play the harmonica with only his eyes.

Chapter 2 by Mike E.

Who ever started this rumor, Jimmy could never remember. It was the stupidest thing, and every performance he gave there was always one idiot who cried out, "Play with your eyes Jimmy Sue, with your eyes!" So Jimmy would lower his sunglasses and stare right into the dumbo's eyes, and simply say, "No." Then continue on with his performance.

It was after one of these shows that he found himself crossing the road to the parking garage, when a truck ran a red light connecting squarely with Jimmy. When Jimmy came to, he was in a hospital bed, he tried to sit up but he couldn't, it was like his body had lost it's will to go on, and now refused to respond to orders. He was able to turn his head to see his bedside table, upon which lay all the things that had been in his pockets, including his golden harmonica, still immaculate. Looking at his pride and joy, he swore he say it move. Must have been the breeze he thought, but he concentrated harder...

Chapter 3 by intellikat

"You want that harmonica, don't you? I can almost SMELL the desire."

Jimmy Sue turned his head the other direction. There, beside his bed was an elderly black man with grey hair, a cane, fisherman's cap, and wrap-around sunglasses. He was eating from a mini-bag of potato chips.

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corner of the room. There, in the corner sat a gleaming saxophone, resting on a comfy chair. It suddenly began to move, and sprang to life with a soulful rendition of "Old Man River."

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